



hand. Booksellers everywhere have put 'Trilby' upon the bargain counter. 'Not called for once in 10 years,' reports one of the London librarians, 'but the cardholders only eight were reading 'Trilby'; in another, with more than 20,000 cardholders, eleven copies, tattered and torn, were lying in the library. 'Trilby' is on the topmost shelves. The Book Lovers' Library, which is most directly in touch with popular demand, has not listed this book at all. 'Trilby' is dead,' reports one bookseller; 'and I have no reverence. Perhaps 'Trilby' died young because she was so Gallic and bohemienne, not altogether proper; not even a successful dramatic operation. I have seen her; but had no chance to read. Perhaps she died of

"Amuses you, does it?" said Grief, bitterly. Whereupon she sobbed still harder.

The lion throne, the most important of all, stands immediately under the spire that marks the center of the universe. It

machine and good crops, while the Buddhist priests go through their incantations and burn incense and the sorcerers and soothsayers attached to the court perform their peculiar functions. The Small Throne, which stands in an open pavilion, was used only when laws and edicts were issued. The king sat upon it while the Than-don

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